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VOLUME XXVII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893. NUMBER 48

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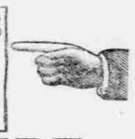

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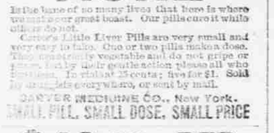

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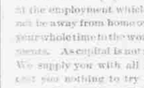

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FALLING LEAVES.

Around me fly the falling leaves—
In vain their fate my spirit grieves,
For nature grants us no reprieves.

Throughout the world she holds her sway.
Her laws must men and leaves obey,
From dust they spring, to dust decay.

Yet while this requiem we sing,
Our faith looks forward to the spring
That shall the Resurrection bring.

Back to the earth for earth's own sake
The falling leaves themselves betake,
But soon in beauty shall awake.

Awhile they mingle with the soil,
Till nature's unremitting toil
Shall reproduce with nought of moil.

As fall the leaves our dear ones fall,
When comes to each the silent call;
Nor long the grave shall them enthrall.

Ah, why begrudge them nature's sleep?
Why deem the grave so dark, so deep,
Or tears of hopeless sorrow weep?

For sleeping mortals comes the spring
And joy with morn's awakening;
Immortal life the day shall bring.

E'en death is part of nature's plan,
And hath been since the world began,
Sweet death, unerring friend of man.

Such are the thoughts my fancy weaves
With brightest hues of falling leaves—
No more my thoughtful spirit grieves.
—Robert M. Offord, in N. Y. Observer.

JENNY LIND'S ROMANCE.

The Love Affair in the Life of the Nightingale.

No one could see Jenny Lind and not fall under the charm of her perfect naturalness, freshness and originality. Although her features were irregular, she was anything but plain; her complexion was fair; she had abundant flaxen hair and the most wonderful gray eyes, a beautiful figure and hands and arms and graceful movements. Hers was not the slow, sinuous grace, which has its own charm; her movements were light, decided and expressive. She always seemed to do everything more quickly than anyone else. At this time she was studying the part of "Susanna"—a "sweet part" she said it was, and had the partition of the "Nozze" always on the knee. In the evening she sang her Swedish songs, and then we all went out to listen to the nightingales singing under the magnificent old beeches. She had a passion for the song of these "little sisters" of hers, and used to mimic them and excite their rivalry, so that the air was filled with music.

It was strange that it should have been the fate of my father, writes C. M. Simpson in the "New Review," who was entirely destitute of musical sense, to be of use to the most celebrated singer of the day. It was in 1849 she had resolved to give up the stage and had affianced herself to Mr. Claudius Harris, a young Indian officer, brother to Mrs. Joseph Grote, whom she met at the Palace, Norwich. My mother and I had just returned from our drive one cold afternoon in April, and I found in the hall a note from Miss Lind for my mother, asking her to beg my father to call on her next day to meet her trustees about her marriage settlements, either at three, or, if that were not possible, at nine, p. m. It so happened that he was not free at three, so he went to her at nine. She did not expect him, and was quite alone. They entered at once upon business, and my father soon found out that she was very half-hearted about the matter altogether. Indeed, she could scarcely have found a partner less suited to her. Mr. Harris and his family were intensely low church, and they thought that the remainder of the great prima donna's life could not be more appropriately spent than in atoning for her theatrical career. The attraction to Jenny was in her lover's goodness. She said he had such a "pure mind."

But when she was first introduced to him she said to Mrs. Stanley: "What a dull young man!" Nothing could be more true. He was heavy and stupid, but tall, fair and good looking. The Stanleys supported Jenny in her resolution to give up the stage, and so indeed did Mrs. Grote from a different reason, for, in spite of her intense sympathy with her young friend's artistic al career, she saw that the strain was too great. Jenny was worn out by fatigue and emotion. She threw herself into every part as if she herself were suffering the woes of the heroine, unlike other great actors and actresses, who succeed in making their representation to a certain degree mechanical. But her essentially truthful spirit could not do this. The tears she wept in "La Sonnambula" came from her heart. We had more than once the stage box, and could see that she was almost overpowered by her feelings. She had led this trying life for upward of ten years, and she longed for rest and the peace and regularity of domestic life. The manager of Her Majesty's theater, Mr. Lumley, was in despair. It was almost ruin to him to lose her, and he urged for at least a few farewell performances; she offered instead a series of dramatic concerts. Only one took place.

Although the "Flauto Magico," which was chosen for the first performance, would seem to be independent of acting, the libretto is so eminently stupid and undramatic, yet, in spite of Jenny Lind's splendid singing, the whole affair fell flat, to her great disappointment. Never before had she met with a cold reception. Mrs. Grote and Lumley entreated her to give the operatic performances but she would not yield. At length my father succeeded where they failed. They suggested that Harris could not object if he really loved her; he urged the unfairness of disappointing Lumley, and finally the unsatisfactory termination which a failure would put to her whole career. So she promised to give six farewell nights. Lumley was overjoyed, and sent us boxes for all six. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Yet no one could believe that the singer, in the very pleniude of her powers (she was only twenty-eight), really intended these to be the last of her triumphs. But it was so, and after the curtain fell on the last of the six she never appeared again on any stage. Mr. Harris had consented to these performances, and he and Jenny were once more on good terms.

She lived at this time in a little house very near us. It was called Clairville cottage; it was covered with roses and creepers; it had a pretty garden, and was thoroughly rural. The backs of the houses in Brechin place now occupy the ground. She and Claudius Harris often joined our country rides. He generally fell to my share, and I did not find him exciting company. Lord Lansdowne sometimes joined us and also came to meet them at dinner, but we did not venture to invite anyone else, except the Grotes and one or two others of Jenny's intimate friends. All seemed to be going on swimmingly, and Mrs. Grote went off to Paris, followed soon after by my father, but before he went he said to Jenny Lind: "Something tells me that your marriage will not take place. If it should be broken off again, write no letters and have no farewell interviews, but join Mrs. Grote in Paris immediately."

Affairs had not been going on so smoothly as appeared. Mr. Harris had asked Jenny to insert in the settlements a promise that she would never act again. To this my father objected, and he also insisted that Jenny was to have uncontrolled power over her earnings. Mr. Harris said this was unscriptural, and the engagement was nearly broken off, but renewed in consequence of the despair Mr. Harris exhibited. He also terrified her by threats of torment hereafter if she broke her word; and last of all, when in the joy of reconciliation she was singing to him, she turned round and saw that he had gone to sleep. Not long after Mr. Senior reached Paris there was a tap at the door of Mrs. Grote's apartment one evening about seven o'clock, and in came Jenny. The ill-assorted marriage was finally broken off.

The emotions of the last few months had told heavily upon Jenny Lind, but with the sense of freedom the power of enjoyment soon returned, and she rode in the Bois de Boulogne and walked on the boulevards and in the Tuileries, and listened to the nightingales. One day she took my father to a house in the place d'Orleans, near the Rue St. Lazare. It was built round a courtyard, with a fountain in the middle. Jenny gazed at it without speaking. Afterward she said: "I was so miserable in that house; I envied the fountain because it was not obliged to sing." The house had been the residence of Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master of singing in Europe, and she alluded to the time when, in despair at the loss of her voice from fatigue and bad management, she slowly regained it by means, first of rest, and then of skillful practice under Garcia's teaching.

The domestic happiness for which she had so long sighed was soon to be hers. After singing in concerts and oratorios in Germany, Sweden and Liverpool, she sailed for the United States on August 31, 1850. Her success in the New World was as brilliant as it had been in the Old, and her charities as munificent. Her company was joined in 1851 by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who succeeded Benedict as pianist. A deep and true attachment sprang up between the two young artists, and they were married on February, 5, 1852.

Her horror of being lionized led her sometimes to reject overtures which were made in perfectly good faith to express the respect and admiration felt for her; hence she was not always popular. She delighted in giving children's parties. I remember one in 1855, at her house in Wimbledon, and her joyous participation in the amusements she had provided, and again in Mores-bona gardens, when she waltzed like a girl with her eldest son. The last time I heard her sing was at a concert she gave at her own house in 1889 for the prince of Sweden. She had become very nervous about her voice, and it was not certain whether in the end she would summon up courage. At last she yielded to the persuasion of her friends and sang the splendid cantata, with violin accompaniment, from Mozart's "Re Pastore." It was a thing to remember for the rest of one's life.

In her later years she took a little house called Windspoint, which she arranged and improved till it resembled a Swiss cottage on the top of the hills above Malvern Wells. We had, in the summer of 1884, a house just below hers, and we saw her much more frequently than was possible in the turmoil of London. We often used to sit with her in the garden enjoying the magnificent view. She was always uneasy lest she should be stared at, and if any presumptuous wight peeped in at the gate, she would instantly shoot up a large red umbrella and shelter herself beneath it. My elder daughter, who is devoted to music, frequently went to see her alone, and one day ventured to ask her to write her name in her birthday book. They were in the drawing-room. Jenny Lind rose up, saying: "Well, I did not think you had been a commonplace person," and walked through the window into the garden, leaving my daughter to repent her indiscretion. Presently her hostess came back and gave her a beautiful rose, and went on talking as if nothing had happened, and when Gaynor was taking leave, Mrs. Goldschmidt said cheerfully: "Now, where is your birthday book?" and wrote her name in it. It must have cost her more than many an apparently greater sacrifice.

I like to think of her as she stood in the hanging balcony of her cottage waving good-by, the sun setting behind her picturesque figure. It was at Windspoint that she died in 1887. At the very close of her life, as she lay on her death bed at Malvern, in weakness and misery, once, as her daughter opened the shutters and let in the morning sun, she just let her lips shape the first bars of the old song she loved: "An den Sonnenschein." They were the last notes she sang on earth.

Dust in the Air.

Natural science is not only occupied with great and important problems, but devotes considerable attention and thoroughness to very small ones. Angus Rankin has given two years of ardent study and research to the problem of dust particles in the air, and the result of his examination is that in mountainous regions six hundred and ninety-six particles of dust are allotted to each cubic half-inch of air in one year. In London one hundred thousand particles of dust fall to each cubic half-inch of air during the same space of time, and other large cities are not likely to fare better than this approximation.

—Customer (in book store)—"I would like to get some good book on faith." Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but our rule is to sell nothing to strangers except for cash."

—When Queen Elizabeth, of Austria, entered Paris in 1751 she dragged after her a train seventy feet in length. It was borne by thirty-five pages.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

How Mrs. Vranklin Secured Her New Clothes.

When Saturday was over and Mr. and Mrs. Vranklin were alone by themselves in the clean kitchen, sitting beside the stove, Mrs. Vranklin rose, went into her bedroom and brought out a bundle of clothes.

"I want you to look at these things, Jeremiah," she said, mildly.

"What are they?" said he,

She spread them out on the floor.

"That is my best dress," she said. "Those are my best shoes. That is the only bonnet I've got in the world but my calico sun-bonnet, and that is my Sunday shawl."

She uttered the words quietly, and waited.

"Well?" said Mr. Vranklin, still smoking.

"Well?" she answered.

He said nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain, and piled them on a chair.

"You're a rich man," she said. "Rich, for a farmer. You are sixty, and I fifty years old. Our boys are married, I haven't had any money to spend for five years. I'm a sight to behold. If I were a servant I should get wages and not have to beg. No, I don't beg, Jeremiah. Since you don't offer it yourself, I'm going to tell you that I want money. I want a hundred dollars to buy me some new clothes to feel decent and comfortable in. I'm really destitute. Why, I'm out of flannel! My calico gowns are patched at the elbow. My shoe heels are twisted. I can't go to church any more, for I've turned my black silk twice, and the back breadths upside down. I've washed my bonnet ribbons. I've done all I could rather than ask for what you didn't offer; and there's no need. You're well-to-do. I want to be decent and take a little comfort while I can. I must. There, now! It's my right!"

She had spoken her mind, and Mr. Vranklin felt that a climax had arrived. He had "laid by" a large sum. He was growing old and had no need to pinch, but the awful demand for a hundred dollars all in a lump was too much for him. He had become used to Eva Maria's quiet way of mending her old clothes and asking for no money, and it had never occurred to him that she would some time come down upon him like this.

He stared silently, and puffed across the stove the smoke of the cheap tobacco he burnt in a common corn-cob pipe. The old rag carpet was clean. The old chairs were mended with carpet bottoms. It was all tidy, but nothing was new. Nothing pretty but the scarlet geraniums in their big pots on the window-sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the furniture was his mother's. She had helped him make his fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot-cheese and flower roots, feeding the hands cheaply and well, weeding vegetables and even riding the mowing machine, now and then—though not very lately. Conscience told him that he ought to pull from his vest pocket the crisp hundred dollar note he had received that morning for some hay at the landing and say: "Here, Eva Maria, why didn't you speak before?" But when greed takes possession of the heart of man, it holds on like a leech. All he said, after the silence had remained unbroken for some minutes, was:

"Well, Eva Maria, I'll think it over."

To some women there is no agony like asking a husband for money.

They want a love-gift, not alms. Generally they have to ask at last.

Eva Maria had nerved herself at last in the misery of her shabbiness to make the speech above recorded, and it seemed a fearful thing to do. She little guessed that she had frightened Jeremiah almost out of his senses.

"A hundred dollars!" he said to himself. "She must know what I've got about me. She must mean to have it. Fifty, now, I'd give. But a hundred! I'll get the money changed, and give her fifty."

He opened the door of the passage, crossed it and went into the parlor. It was a cold, neat place, kept sacred for great occasions. It had a grate in it, but it was doubtful if a fire would be lighted there that winter. It had been inconvenient to take it down that summer, so fringed pink paper had been arranged between the polished bars and the rug drawn across the hearth. Photographs of several members of the family hung by red cords from the wall, dotted muslin curtains with neatly plaited ruffles covered the green paper blinds. A dish of wax fruit, covered by a glass shade, ornamented the center-table, and the horsehair furniture had been so little used in two generations that it looked almost new. The vases on the mantle were old-fashioned lime ware, for which a china-worshiper would have paid a great price.

Eva Maria should have fifty dollars, but she had said she had a right to a hundred. If he gave her the bill in his pocket she would spend it. It was Saturday evening; he could not get it changed that night—no, not until Monday. If he locked it up, she would know, and take it out, perhaps, and do as she pleased with it. She had declared her "right" to it. Eva Maria, humblest of the humble, meekest of the meek, had spoken so! Could it be?

"This comes of these here strong-minded meetin's," said Mr. Vranklin.

This was not logical, for Mrs. Vranklin had not attended one of them.

"Women used to be biddable. They are kicking over the traces now. Nobody—" soliloquized Mr. Vranklin, growing more and more ungrammatical with his wrath—"nobody ain't goin' to ride over me, 'specially a wife of mine. I must hide the money until I can change it. She might look into my pockets. She said she had a right to it, and she looked determined."

At this moment he heard a movement in the kitchen. He believed it to be his wife about to come in search of him and tried to think faster.

The vases! Should he hide the note there? No; there were still some vases in the garden, and Eva Maria might fill the vases with bouquets, as she sometimes did on Sunday afternoons, setting them for the nonce on the kitchen mantel. No, the vases would not do. The ingrain carpet was tacked down tight, the—surely there was a step in the passage! The grate! There, under the fringed paper, it might lie safely all night.

He drew his pocket-book from his bosom and stuffed it between two loose bricks at the back of the grate. The pink fringes of the paper concealed it. All was safe. He creaked across the passage into the kitchen with a consciousness of great meanness in his heart. Mrs. Vranklin, having executed her terrible intention, had taken flight to her bedroom, where she sat in the cold with a little shawl over her shoulders, trembling. He said something aloud about seeing Jones about those pigs, and fled the house, and the two held no more conversation until breakfast time. Then Mr. Vranklin, with unusual piety, went to church, while his wife stayed at home to cook dinner, no one else being at hand to do it.

Just as the beef was so far done that she could open the oven doors there came a knock upon the door, and opening it she saw upon the porch her Cousin Brown and the minister. Church was out, and Cousin Brown had brought the reverend gentleman to his friends' to dine. Mrs. Vranklin received both hospitably, and hastened to usher them into the parlor. The yellow artemisias shone bravely in the big blue vases. Mr. Vranklin had been wise not to hide his money there; but it was cold—very cold.

"I'll light a fire," said the good woman. "It won't take a minute. It's the first fire of the season, or I'd have the grate fixed."

She tucked the paper down into the grate, the easiest way to be rid of it, piled on wood and placed the scuttle ready. As she struck the match she gave a little cry, but repressed it instantly. The flames blazed up merrily and roared behind the blower.

When Mr. Vranklin returned the blower was down and the two men were warming their feet at a compact mass of red coal.

He looked at his Eva Maria. Her cold, composed New England face, with its high nose and close-cut mouth, betrayed no emotion.

"She don't know what she has done!" he said to himself; but he did.

The ghost of that hundred dollars stared at him from the embers. He could not talk, he could not compose himself. Cousin Brown opined he was not well. The minister remarked that "in the midst of life we are in death," and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It was not a gay dinner, but then it was Sunday.

That night Mrs. Vranklin missed her spouse from his bed. She went to look for him, and found him poking in the ashes of the dead fire with the tongs. He looked up with a very red face.

"I don't think these here coals kin be good," he said, confusedly.

"Did you get up in the night to look at them?" she asked.

He made no answer and returned to bed.

Next morning his wife again attacked him.

"Have you thought that matter over?" she asked.

Indeed he had, and it had occurred to him that Providence had prepared a special judgment for him in destroying that money. He felt that his wife had spoken the truth. She had a right to decent clothes—she who had served him so well for so many years.

"I've thought it over, Eva Maria," he said, and arose and went to his desk, a queer, old-fashioned one built in the house wall. When he returned, he brought with him a blank check.

"Get what you like, my dear," he said, "and get it nice. Fill the check up just as you please."

He had not called her "my dear" for years. She smiled up at him very gently; tears were near his eyes.

However, she used the check to dress herself comfortably. It was the first time for many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping freely.

At night he met her at the depot, loaded with parcels, tired but smiling. He had not seen her so bright for many a day.

After tea that night they sat together beside the stove as before, and she looked at him in a peculiar way.

"You didn't seem to feel cheerful Sunday afternoon, Jeremiah," she remarked. "What ailed you?"

"I don't want to tell you," he answered.

"But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I burned the pocketbook you hid in the grate. I didn't."

She put her hand into her work-basket and drew it out intact, with the money in it.

"I was just in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the check, I should have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Jeremiah!"

He looked at her, half angry, half astonished. She arose and came to him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"But I should never have enjoyed wearing them," she said. "I should have hated them, I think. These that I bought to-day, with your free gift, I shall love while there's a rag of them left."

The man looked at her with a feeling that a strange revelation of feminine human nature had been made to him, but all he said was:

"Why, Eva Maria, I want to know!" and he drew her down upon his knee and kissed her.—N. Y. Ledger.

Hen's Egg Oil.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and the oil may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of south Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, etc.

A Burglar's Outfit.

Over one hundred tools and processes have been invented by safe burglars, which are marvels of ingenuity and scientific knowledge. A recent burglar's outfit captured by the police consisted of a little giant knob breaker, a diamond drill and a high explosive of the nature of dynamite, but put up in the form of a powder. It would open the strongest bank safe in a half hour, and without noise enough to disturb people in the next house, while the entire outfit could be carried in the pockets of an

SECRETS.

I am the sun.
Out of the ocean's silver bed
I lift the crest of a golden head,
And my yellow locks are spread and curled
Over the shoulders of the world;
Yet there are who sigh and think
'That I only rise to sink!
Shall I tell you a secret? Setting here,
I rise in another hemisphere.

I am a wave.
Out of the ocean's level plain
I lift and swell to the shore again,
And my lucent waters lace and fly
Over the bounds of the beaches high;
Yet there are who weep to know
That the ebb attends the flow!
Shall I tell you a secret? With the tide,
I ebb and flow on the other side.

I am a man.
Out of the night of a hidden past
I awake to the light of the world at last,
And my eager spirit yearns to climb
Up to the height of a joy sublime;
Yet there are who doubting cry
That I only live to die!
Shall I tell you a secret? God is love.
I shall die to live in the land above.
—Nina F. Layard, in Harper's Magazine.

WITH THE DEAD.

The Sights One Sees in a New England Graveyard.

There is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry—and, somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief and shrink to fit a small one.—Hawthorne.

Cradled among the loveliest of hills, resting in their very center as in the hollow of a hand, lies a New England graveyard with an unpretentious entrance—a time-worn wooden gate, and an earth roadway striking in unexpectedly from an old elm-lined street. Clustering about the gate, the spreading branches of other elm trees screen the road's destination, their small leaves clothing yet not concealing the strong boughs' outlines as a diaphanous robe might drape a graceful form. Near the gateway stands a rude shed, from which the town hearse has been rolled into the sunshine—for a funeral to-day, perhaps. The thought of a new grave seems an impertinence among these ancient tombs, as a new patent of nobility among those long ennobled. The summer rains have softened and the winter storms have beaten down the mounds to a grass level. You may walk among the worn headstones with a lighter step, perhaps, but earth has been earth too long to hold part sacred. The grass has grown up long and thick. You read that "Mrs. Thankfull, wife of Judah Dickson, died aged twenty years," but your head must lie as low as hers and you must part a green veil of verdure before learning that "of four children she alone survived infancy, and from infancy she was an orphan. To the sympathy due to one thus early bereft of near kindred and home she imparted peculiar interest; for she was equally amiable and intelligent."

All these stilted phrases and barely twenty years old—only just a wife, perhaps! The minister of the village wrote that epitaph, beyond a doubt. But those two lines below, so worn that to decipher them you must trace the letters with your finger, as the blind read—who wrote these words of quaint pathos?

Though all the world forget beside
'Tis meet that I remember still.

How pleasant to lie in the cool grass with the warm sun shining down from the warmer blue above, and, with your chin propped on your hands, vivid life without and within, your blood quick in your veins, read how another lived and breathed and loved and ended, poor thing, a hundred years ago!

The next stone stands so near that you may reach it without rising. The feel of the earth is good, as the crawling beasts of the field know. Move forward as they, and part the veiling grass to read Martha Pryor's message to the world she left:

Reader, you also shortly must
Be stripped of life and turned to dust.

Let the grass spring back. Martha is not the gentle Thankfull. You will think of all this some day; yes, but not at Martha's bidding, with its spice of venom—not with the spell of the joy of living on you!

Move on to that stone near which a small, three-leaved, clover-like plant nods a negative with you, shaking its wind-swung head from side to side on its slender stem.

"Sufa Ingraham" lies here—her tombstone rough-hewn from the hills, its back unfinished as the cut-off life which the carven front tells of. The stone has sunk sideways into the ground, which adds to its look of decrepitude. The inscription can be read, but with difficulty:

The blooming cheek, the sparkling eye From Death's arrest could not save me.
Youth and beauty

—are where the rest of the inscription is hid, doubtless. If under the mold there "Sufa," as Martha, compares her state with ours to be, kindly Mother Nature has taken from her Martha's privilege, and stopped her lips with earth.

How denunciatory they are, these old tombs—aggressively warning in their cry of doom!

Daniel Roswell, from under his carvern urn, draped with a switch of drooping willow, sternly sounds his note of warning:

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent! thy end is nigh,
Death at the furthest can't be far,
O think—before thou die!

And Elijah Warner, brooded over by a watchful cherub, impossible and dreary, with eyes bulging from their sockets, tells of his too early death in the same awful voice:

Youth, can't thou heedless view
The relics of the dead;
O think: beneath your feet
There lies your own likeness.

And then, most awful,

Elisha Grey 2nd,
Who quit this chilly
Stage in the 8th. year
of his age, Which
was on Octr 18. 1790.
My children dear, this place draw near
A Father's grave you see:
Not long ago I was with you
And soon you'll be with me.

There is in all these a note of ghoulish desire to bring the warm and living to the cold dead, and "soon you'll be with me" rings with it creepingly. It rouses a spirit of revolt. You turn away sharply to a stone a little apart from the rest, set on a grassy hillside—sweet, short grass, green and soothing to the eye and touch. This is a double stone. "Anßel Bolton" lies here; beside him, Jane, his wife. Stooping, you read this beneath his name:

Tender were his feelings,
The Christian was his friend,
Honest were his dealings,
And peaceful was his end.

And beneath her name:

The beneficence of her heart, the diligence of her hands, the pious influence of her lips, and her liberality to the poor will be remembered when this monument has yielded to the—

The last words have already yielded, as all must yield in time; but what need of more? Lying here, a little apart from those others, the pious influence of her lips and the tenderness of his feelings still live, healing, restful and strong.

Did they suffer a little, this tender pair, among their neighbors? Did they sometimes speak of it together, lamenting gently that Martha had a biting tongue or Elisha a hard heart, and then repent their lamenting? You move away softly, leaving them together in their peaceful end.

A little higher up the hill lies "Abraham Dean," a baby almost two hundred years old! His moundless grave is the softest resting place, and you sit there, leaning your back, wearied with bending, against his little carved foot stone. Poor baby! did you find New England two hundred years ago too harsh a spot for you? Was the soft earth kinder?

Catherine Grace, wife of the Rev'd Ebenezer Grace and relict of Nathaniel Ware.

You move to your feet to read the rest of this inscription, and find a strange story in store. Oh, cold, unjealous grave! Catherine lies rightly between the man to whom she was wife and the man of whom she was relict. The three stones stand there upright, harmoniously, unfeignedly together.

Three stones!—there are four. Ah, Nathaniel Ware, you do not lie there unavenged. Catherine, your relict, lies at Ebenezer Grace's left side

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 8, 1893.

JOHN R. PROCTOR, of Kentucky, has been appointed a civil service commissioner in place of George D. Johnson, removed.

A SPECIAL election will be held in the Second congressional district of Philadelphia, December 9, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Charles O'Neill.

WOMEN suffrage was carried at the election last week in Colorado by a majority of 6,347 and Governor Waite has issued a proclamation authorizing women to vote at all elections in the future.

CONGRESSMAN HATCH, of Missouri, says the Wilson tariff bill is in accordance with the Chicago platform, and he will support it with the greatest cordiality. As a wool grower, he has been working for the last ten years to have this product put on the free list. It suits him exactly. He favors the income tax to raise the needed revenue.

FRIDAY last General William Lilly, Congressman-at-Large from this state, died suddenly at his home in Mauch Chunk. The announcement of his death created great surprise to all his neighbors and friends. Death was due to congestion of the lungs caused by a heavy cold contracted during a visit to Indianapolis since the adjournment of the special session of Congress.

JOHN PALMER, the inventor of the railway check system, died recently in a little town in Michigan. Many years ago he was a fiddler, and took charge of the hats and wraps of those who came to dancing parties. He gave numbered checks for them; and some railroad men who attended one of his dances appropriated the idea, and in a little while the system was adopted all over the country.

WILLIAM LEWIS, aged 17, of Youngstown, Ohio, while in the employ of the American tube and iron company, had his right arm caught in the machinery and cut off. He sued the company and secured a judgment for $6,000 damages. The company carried the case through the United States supreme court, which has dismissed its petition and affirmed the judgment. The lad will use the money in securing a college education.

THE great strike on the Lehigh Valley road was declared off at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, both sides making concessions. This action was the result of a conference between a joint committee, composed of members of the board of arbitration of New York and New Jersey, on one side, and President Wilbur, of the Lehigh Valley road, on the other. The conference lasted three days, which was participated in by the chiefs of the local and national labor organizations who took part in the strike.

IT appears by the report of United States Treasurer Morgan that the total stock of money of all kinds in the country on June 30 last was $2,323,547,976, or nearly $51,000,000 less than at the same time last year. This contraction was made in spite of the addition of $45,000,000 to the board of silver and an increase of 6,000,000 in outstanding bank notes. The contraction was, of course, due to the exportation of gold. But in July a return movement of gold began, and this was supported by a rapid increase of bank note circulation. By the end of September, however the stock of gold was restored to its former volume. The total increase of the effective supply of currency in the three months from June 30 to September 30 was no less than $95,000,000.

THE report of Mr. W. K. Ackerman, treasurer of the World's Columbian Exposition, shows with all the enormous receipts of the Fair, there will be little or nothing go to the stockholders or to the city of Chicago for its bonds. The total expenditures were $25,540,237. The receipts from gate money were $10,626,330 and $3,699,581 was received from concessions. The capital stock yielded $5,604,171 and the city of Chicago gave $5,000,000 in bonds. The total receipts from all sources are given at $28,151,164, leaving a balance at the present time of $2,610,630. But out of this balance a large number of bills must be paid. Claims to the amount of $748,147 for salaries, etc., are in sight, and it is more than likely that a considerable additional amount will have to be paid, leaving but a small dividend for the stockholders.

THE Democrats of the ways and means committee have acted wisely in deciding to take up the tariff bill on Monday next. It should have the first place on the calender and be pressed to a passage with no unnecessary delay.

There is no occasion for a long debate. The whole subject has been discussed, in general and in detail, for the past six years. Talk in congress will change no member's vote. The country has had talk enough. There is no sense in arguing after the verdict has been rendered, repeated and sustained by the tribunal of last resort. The people have demanded a reform of the tariff. Their mandate should be obeyed.

Business has a right to know as soon as possible what the changes are to be, says the New York *World*.

The Senate Finance committee has recognized the importance of despatch and will proceed with the consideration of the bill without waiting for its passing by the House.

The time gained by the organization of congress in August, which resulted in a carefully prepared bill before the meeting in regular session, ought to be utilized now by a vigorous pushing of the measure to a final vote.

THE message of the President to congress, says the Philadelphia *Record*, is disappointing. It is a budget of interesting recapitulations of matters mainly within the public knowledge; but it is extremely barren of original recommendations. The President satisfies himself with statements of fact, leaving the initiative of legislation to congress. For the reasons in support of such recommendations as he does make the reader of the message will have to consult the department reports.

Full faith is given to the Blount report as establishing the forcible intervention of the United States in overthrowing the Hawaiian monarchy. The obligation of the United States to undo the wrong and restore as far as practicable the status before existing is distinctly asserted. The instructions given to Minister Willis are undisclosed. It is reassuring to be informed, however, that they do not go beyond the constitutional limits of executive power. This will relieve apprehension lest the provisional government at Honolulu may have been toppled over by the direct push of United States marines. It is altogether probable that congress will lift the blanket covering the administration's Hawaiian policy, which the President at present leaves undisturbed, awaiting additional advices for data for a special message on the subject.

On the financial question no positive recommendation is made, except that the President be empowered to invite other nations to a conference on the subject of coinage when he shall deem the time ripe for it; and that the authority of the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds shall be made clear, unhampered by present disadvantageous regulations as to the rate of interest and time of maturity.

As to tariff reform, the President contents himself with strong generalizations, descending no further to particulars than the indorsement of the bill prepared by the committee of ways and means. He gives the hint that in recasting internal revenue taxes a tax may be laid upon incomes derived from certain corporate investments.

IN the House of Representatives on Monday the Hon. William H. Hines, a Democrat who represents the Twelfth Pennsylvania district, says the New York *Sun*, asked unanimous consent for the consideration of a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five members to investigate the strike on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. One of the duties of the proposed investigating commitee is to recommend legislation for the prevention of strikes, a commission about as practical as an inquiry into the feasibility of perpetual motion. The Hon. Constantine Buckley Kilgore of Texas put his firm objecting foot upon Mr. Hines's resolution, and it was referred under the rules. Its proper destination would be the Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics.

The interference of Congress in disputes between railroads and their employees is usually impertinent and always fruitless. Such interference gives an opportunity for demagogues, cranks, and agitators to air their buncombe, produces a voluminous collection of mostly worthless testimony, hearsay, and opinion, costs the government a pretty penny, and settles nothing and amounts to nothing. Strikes will be stopped when human nature is changed, or when employers are angels and the employed perfectly satisfied. There is no need of using the wisdom of congress to find a remedy; and there is no sense in having committees of congress trotting about the country for the purpose of illuminating differences of opinion between employer and employed. The practice is one of the follies committed in the name of the power to regulate commerce between the states.

By consulting Mr. Cleveland's message Mr. Hines will see that there will be a deficiency of $28,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894. Obviously this is no time for going into unnecessary expense, but a time for good congressmen to stay in Washington and attend to business.

IT must be nearly time for grown up men, says the Philadelphia *Times*, to leave off this childish talk of closing mills and cutting wages and doing other desperate things on account of the new tariff.

How many of these calamity strikers have even read the Wilson bill or have calculated just what effect it is likely to have on their particular industry? And what one of them all ever voluntarily raised the wages of his employes because of an increase of duties?

It is always the wage earner that is to suffer by tariff reduction; when the tariff is put up, it is still the wage-earner that must pay. The monotony of this thing has grown tedious. The nation has repudiated it already, and members of congress must have even less than the average share of sense if they can be stampeded by any such nonsense.

This is a favorable opportunity to reduce wages, no doubt. There are a great many unemployed men and labor generally rates low in the market. As business revives it will be harder to get the right kind of help and employers may have to pay more. But they will pay just as little as they can, whether the tariff be high or low, and they might as well acknowledge the truth.

Where the new tariff is going to help labor is by allowing more constant employment and an enlarged demand. That will send wages up. But the pretense that wages are ever directly regulated by the rate of duties is a transparent mockery.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HENFEL, of Pennsylvania, has decided that local Boards of Health have no power to declare quarantine against smallpox and other contagious diseases, but that county commissioners and poor directors, with the approval of the court, have such authority.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON D. C. Dec. 1, 1893.—President Cleveland did not eat his Thanksgiving day dinner at the White House, although the stewart had obtained a forty-pound turkey for the occasion. He and Mrs. Cleveland dined with Postmaster General and Mrs. Bissell, as did Secretary and Mrs. Gresham and Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle, although it was an innovation for the President and his wife to dine with a member of the cabinet, except at a regular cabinet dinner.

The new tariff bill is the principal topic of conversation among congressmen, now quite plentiful in Washington, and becoming more so upon the arrival of every train. There is much less "kicking" among Democrats than the members of the committee expected, and very much less than existed among Republicans after the publication of the McKinley bill. The fact is generally recognized by Democrats that the Wilson bill is one that will in the end be generally beneficial to the entire country, although like most great reforms it will necessarily carry temporary hardship to some individuals, and that is really where the great strength of the bill lies; it is a tariff bill for the many, not for the few. The Democrats who framed it are true believers in the doctrine of the greatest good to the greatest number. The Republicans who in disparagement of the bill said it was built upon the lines of the Walker tariff of 1846, could hardly have given the bill greater praise, as the Walker tariff was one of the best the country ever had, and the people of all classes were never more prosperous than while it was in existence.

President Cleveland has congratulated the Democrats of the ways and means committee upon the statesmanlike manner in which they prepared the tariff bill, in several instance members voting to put articles on the free list, such as iron ore, coal and silver lead ore, that their constituents would have preferred having kept on the dutiable list and in his message to congress he will officially commend their work and urge that the bill be speedily passed.

The Democrats of the committee on ways and means are now at work upon the internal revenue bill which is to furnish the revenue that will be lost by reforming the tariff. It is estimated that this loss will be somewhere between $50,000,000 and $50,000,000 a year. The Democrats of the committee have but one thought in preparing, this bill, and that is, to impose the taxes in such a manner that they will bear the lightest upon those who have to work for their living, and as they are all men of wide experience and great ability they will doubtless report a satisfactory bill.

Postmaster General Bissel has not announced whether he considers it proper and advisable to accept the bid submitted by the Bureau of engraving and printing for printing the postage stamps that will be required next year, but the other fellows are getting frightened and are filling such of the local papers as are open to such subsidized matter with so-called arguments against the the government printing its own postage stamps. These arguments, which are but a repetition of those brought forward (when the people begun to discuss the question of the government printing its own money) by the agents of the various bank note companies which had grown rich by printing government currency. They are simply absurd, and if there are no legal obstacles it is probable that Gen. Bissell will accept the bid of the Bureau of printing and engraving, which is $169,000 below that of the lowest private bidder. Even if the work could not be done any cheaper it is more fitting that the postage stamps should be printed by the government.

The peremtory removal of Mr. George D. Johnson, of Louisiana, the only Democratic member of the civil service commission, by President Cleveland was surprising and has been the basis of no end of gossip. No official reason has been given out for the removal and it is not at all probable that any will be given out, but it comes from good authority that the cause of Mr. Johnston's removal was not discreditable to him, as a man or a Democrat. He will be succeeded by Prof. J. R. Proctor, of Kentucky, and Commissioner Lyman, whose removal has been, I am told, fully determined upon, by a Democrat. There is ample cause for Lyman's removal, in the report of a congressional committee to President Harrison, and he probably owes his retention in office this long, as many other Republicans do, to the fact that President Cleveland has been constantly overwhelmed with more important duties than the selection of successors to minor officials. But unless all signs are misleading, the most of the Republicans will go before the flowers bloom again.

A Coke War On.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 4.—A big coke war is on and indications are that it will be a fight to a finish. The fight is apparently a determined and probably final battle for supremacy between the big operators. On December 1 consumers were notified of a reduction in the price of foundry coke from $1.65 to $1.15 per ton. "This means," said the reporter's informant, who is an extensive consumer, "that somebody is going to get badly squeezed and used up unless there is a backdown. Coke prices are now almost at the cost of production, and any further cut will be a loss to the producer. Since June furnace coke has dropped from $1.90 to $1.35, while producers are paying wages on a $1.75 basis. Crushed coke on cars was selling in June at $2.65; now it sells at $1.75. The outcome will be watched with interest by consumers."

Shot By a Careless Man.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3.—Charles Gunnderson, of No. 404 Maxwell street shot and killed little Sarah Carr last light. The child was 10 years old. It is claimed that the shooting was accidental. Gunnderson is engaged to marry Maggie Carr, a sister of Sarah, and last night went to call upon his betrothed. It is said that while showing off his revolver it was discharged, the bullet striking Sarah Carr in the right temple, causing a wound from which she died an hour afterward. Gunderson was arrested.

Pittsburg Has it, Too.

PITTSBURG, December 2.—Physicians of Allegheny and Pittsburg report that there is now more la grippe in Allegheny county than ever before, not excepting the epidemic of 1890.

The disease, the physicians say, is not nearly so violent as in former years, and yields more readily to treatment. As yet no fatalities are directly traceable to it, although children are the greatest sufferers. Some of the physicians state that they believe fully one half of the population of the county are victims of the epidemic to a greater or lesser degree.

FIRE at Oil City, Pa., caused the death of four persons and the loss of $90,000 worth of property.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Killed Two and Himself.

ERIE, PA., Dec. 4.—Edward Cady, an industrious mechanic, lies a corpse tonight by his own hand and beside him are the dead bodies of his children—Walter, aged 6, and Bertha, aged 8, whom he sent into eternity with the same weapon with which he ended his own existence. Cady had been using morphine for some time, first as a medicine and then as a stimulant. Of late his mind seems to have been affected. Failing to destroy his son Walter with a dose of morphine, he secured a revolver. Then he got his wife out of the house. He first shot Bertha; then Walter, who lay in bed, and failing to hit Albert, who escaped to give the alarm, he was about to shoot Hazel, and was only prevented from adding this child to the list of victims by the arrival of his wife. Cady then blew out his own brains.

She Loves a Foot-Ball Player.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 1—Miss Myrtle McConnell, of Corry, a young and pretty girl, aged 18, made a sensational attempt to commit suicide at the corner of Smithfield and Diamond streets, at 9.50 to night.

At that hour Lieutenant Scott, who was near by, noticed a young woman fling a bottle in the street and then throw up both hands and fall to the sidewalk. The lieutenant took the young lady in charge and brought her to the City Hall.

A physician was summoned. The bottle the girl threw away contained ether. Antidotes were applied and the young lady was soon out of danger. Miss McConnell was jealous of a young lady named McCurdy, both of whom were friends of Edgar Maynes, a foot-ball player of Willmington, Del.

Clever Counterfeiting.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4—Assistant United States Treasurer Walters, of the local sub-treasury, to-day unearthed a clever peice of counterfeiting. It is the raising of the denominations of greenbacks by the substitution of larger figures. On Saturday an apparent $50 note was received at the sub-treasury, and now it has been discovered that it was originally a $10 greenback of the 1880 series. It is believed that the forgery was committed in West Virginia, as it was first detected in Wheeling. Mr. Walters also stated that one dollar bills are being raised to tens, by the same process, and that the circulation of these forged greenbacks is comparatively large.

Cases Were Multiplied.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 4.—At the November term of quarter sessions court Judge Brubaker directed that no costs be paid until after he had examined the bills. This morning he delivered an opinion which scored the district attorney, the clerk of quarter sessions, the magistrates and constables for multiplying cases. He said he had examined 357 cases, the costs in which he had cut down between $2,000 and $3,000, and warned all concerned that he would no longer tolerate the abuse.

As there are four terms of quarter sessions each year this means, on an average, a saving of from $8,000 to $10,000 to the county annually.

For a Wounded Heart.

MARTINS FERRY, O., Dec. 4.—In the case of Myrtle A. Clifford against John C. Gay for $2,500 damages for breech of promise, the plaintiff got judgment for the full amount. The pair had been engaged two years. The day before the wedding Gay disappeared and wrote Miss Clifford that the next time she met him would be in heaven. He had a store at Kelsey, and owed his mother $1,700. Mrs. Gay secured an attachment on the store on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Miss Clifford brought suit and got out an attachment, which was levied subject to Mrs. Gay's attachment, but there was nothing left for the young woman.

Demented From Her Lover's Death.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 4.—Mrs. Anna Mason has become partially demented by reason of the death of her lover. Mrs. Mason lived a retired life. She became acquainted with conductor McCaulley, of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad, and began preparing her bridal trousseau. Through an accident he died at his home at Turtle Creek, Pa. Mrs. Mason attired herself in mourning. She talked about him constantly until she became ill and an adopted daughter was sent for who took her home, where she will be cared for and not sent to an asylum.

Important Confession.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Dec, 5.—Henry Heist, who will be hanged on December 14 for the murder of Emanuel Monn, in the South Mountain last February to-day made a statement in which he declares that a man named George Reese is the murderer. Reese lived a short distance from Monn's shanty and Heist says that Reese killed him with a stone in the course of an altercation. Heist aided Reese in burying the body. Heist's attorney immediately made application to the governor for a respite of 60 days. A rumor from the mountain to-night reports that Reese had fled.

Carter Harrison's Successor.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—The Republican city convention nominated George B. Swift for mayor by acclamation. Mr. Swift is now mayor pro tem. One of the speeches seconding Swift's nomination was made by Charles Kozminski, a well-known banker, who had left a sick room to attend the convention. After his speech he retired to a committee room, where he died a few minutes after. The Democrats also held a convention and nominated John P. Hopkins, member of a firm of contractors.

Electrocuted in Sing Sing.

SING SING, N. Y., Dec. 4.—John Delfino was executed in the electric chair at 11:42 this morning. He walked firmly to the chair, and sat down, and paid great attention to the details of the adjustment of the apparatus about his legs and head. One thousand seven hundred and sixty volts shot through his body. Delfino was an Italian and shot a ragpicker named Caroline Gessel in Brooklyn at the woman's house during a quarrel.

NEWS AND OTHER NOINGS.

—There is two feet of snow at Niagara Falls.

—It has practically been decided to have the entire National Guard of the state encamp at Gettysburg next summer.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—While trying to avoid one train near New Freedom, York county, Luther Powell, of Oglesby, N. C., was struck and killed by an express he did not see.

—John Young, who recently drove a horse into a freight train, killing it and smashing the buggy, was convicted at West Chester of malicious mischief.

—The total net profits from 192 acres of the German Crown vineyards, on the Rhine, have averaged $19,630 over a period of twenty-four years, or $102.24 per acre annum.

—At Ravenna, a small town in Ohio, on Saturday night a tramp entered the home of D. J. Sherman and assaulted Miss Sherman, who was alone. Her brother came in before her assailant could escape and killed him with a stiletto.

—Miss Daisy Miliken, a handsome young lady of Verona, Pa., has patented a street car heating apparatus which is being tested this week on a Pittsburg car. Miss Milken had her clothing burned by a street car stove and this set her to thinking.

—Robert McGrue, aged 50 years, was run over by an electric car on the Schuylkill Traction Company's lines at Mahanoy Plane on Thursday night and sustained injuries from which he died a few minutes after being taken from under the car.

—Minnie Larrabee, daughter of a wealthy resident of Susquehanna county, Pa., who has been acting in the hotels of Binghampton, N. Y., for a number of years owing to unhappy relations at home, was arrested on Saturday on the charge of stealing $32 from a friend. She was held in the sum of $500 to await the grand jury's action.

—G. D. Baily and Ernest Winans were out hunting rabbits near Meadville, Pa., on Monday, and while Baily was crouched down near a brush pile Winans saw the head of his companion and mistaking it for a rabbit, fired his weapon. Bailey's head was blown off. He was a fine young man aged 23 years. Winans is almost crazed with grief.

—Fred Sturm, a Pittsburg saloon keeper, died on Tuesday from injuries received two months ago by a folding bed closing on him while he was asleep. The family heard a noise in his room, and found that the upper part of the bed had fallen forward, closing upon Stuart's neck, and was choking him. His lungs were injured, and he never recovered.

—During the heavy blow on the coast on Sunday the two-masted schooner N. E. Bayard, Captain Camp, from New York to Norfolk, Va., while attempting to make the Deleware breakwater for harbor, dashed against the rock-built ice-breaker and was almost rent asunder. The vessel immediately filled with water and her crew of five men narrowly escaped death, but were finally rescued by life-savers.

—Hon. E. C. Williamson, mayor of Hazleton, Pa., was killed by Kirby Miller, a notorious tough, on Monday. Last spring the mayor had Kirby arrested for gambling. Miller admitted his guilt and was sentenced to pay a fine, and for contempt of court was sent to jail for thirty days. Since that time Miller has evidently planned revenge. On Monday he armed himself with a heavy bludgeon, waylaid Williamson unawares and crushed in his skull. The murderer was arrested.

Winter Tours Via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The final arrangements are now made by the Tourist Bureau of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the running of its personally-conducted tours for the coming season. First and foremost in point of magnitude and attractiveness come those to California and Florida. The dates for the former are January 31st, and February 22nd. The first date has been selected so that en route to the glorious western-most state of the Union the Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans may be enjoyed by the tourists. California will command unusual attention this winter by reason of the Mid-winter Exposition to be held at San Francisco. This exhibition promises almost to rival the late World's Fair in completeness. Many eastern people have already decided to attend.

Florida, always a popular haven, still justly asserts its claim as the most delightful part of our country in which to pass the inclement months of the year. Five tours will be run there, January 30th, February 13th, February 27th, March 13th and March 27th, have been chosen as the starting dates. $50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia, and an equally low rate from other points will cover all expenses en route.

Old Point Comfort appeals strongly to those not caring to journey further from home, and on December 26th this historic spot will be visited by a special tour. Last come the tours to Washington, D. C., on December 14th and 28th, January 18th, February 8th, March 1st and 22nd, April 12th and May 3rd and 24th.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's guarantee that thorough and satisfactory methods will be pursued in conducting these trips needs no additional testimonial.

Resolutions of the Dauntless Fire Company.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our late brother, Fred W. Davis. And

Whereas, The long and intimate relations held by our deceased brother with the members of this association render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services as a fireman and his merits as a man. Therefore be it

Resolved by the Dauntless Fire Company that while we bow with humble submission to the will of our Creator, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from among us.

Resolved that in the death of Fred W. Davis this association loses a brother who was always active and zealous in his work as a fireman; ever ready to answer to the the call of duty and advance the interests of this association; devoted to its welfare and prosperity; an honest and upright man whose virtues endeared him not only to the members of this association but to all fellow citizens.

Resolved that this association tender its heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased brother in their sad affliction.

Resolved that these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the association and that they be published in our local papers.

A. W. BUCK,
JNO. L. STOUGH,
H. J. CROUSE,
Committee.

Dec. 1, 1893.

TO THE

CASH BUYERS

OF

CAMBRIA COUNTY.

We extend an invitation to visit our Large Dry Goods Store on Main street Gallitzin. We carry by far the Largest and Cheapest Line of Dress Goods in town. Dress Goods from 12½c. per yard up to the Finest Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges and Cloths, Fancy and Stylish Notions, men's Shirts and Underwear, ladies' and children's Underwear at Low Prices. Fine line of Rubber Goods Can sell you Blue Prints at 5c.—the kind for which other stores charge 7c. Lancaster gingham, 7c. per yard. Yard wide muslin at 5c. per yard. Blankets from $1.00 per pair to the finest in the market. Full line ladies' and men's Shoes.

Good, comfortable place to try your Shoes on. With plenty of daylight in our store you can see what you are getting.

In a word come and see our stock. As we buy for cash and sell for cash we can save you money.

THOS. BRADLEY,

CHEAPEST CASH STORE,

GALLITZIN, PA.

THE BEST PLACE IN ALTOONA

TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT

JOHN McCONNELL'S

1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

FALL AND WINTER WEAR !

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

JOHN McCONNELL,

ALTOONA, PENNA.

EBENSBURG

Marble and Granite Works,

J. WILKINSON & SON, PROPRIETORS,

—DEALERS IN—

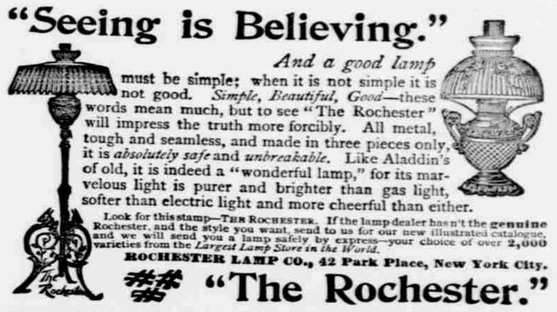
Monuments, Headstones, Vaults and Sarcophagis, Marble and Marbleized Slate Mantels, Cemetery Fencing of all kinds. Also Iron Fencing for public buildings and dwellings.

Purchasers will find our prices the lowest when they consider the class of work we manufacture. We also buy by the car-load and give customers the advantage of reduced freight.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE

SETTING OF WORK.

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp

must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has n't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World*.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

IT WILL PAY YOU

To go **QUINN'S,** Clinton street, Johnstown, to buy Carpets, Linoleums, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Blankets, Feathers, &c. Prices Reduced on All Goods, and **FREIGHT PAID** on All Large Packages.

JAMES QUINN.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

STRAY BULL.

Came to the residence of the undersigned at Delaneyville, in Gallitzin township, on or about October 25th, 1893, a cream colored bull about 3 years old with white on bell and end of tail; also, white spot on forehead. The owner is owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise will be disposed of according to law.

GILES LUMADU,
Gallitzin township.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm in large profits, stock sole. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Gen. A[illegible], 849 Broadway, N. Y.

JOHN PFISTER,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Hardware, Queensware,

MADE-UP CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

VEGETABLES IN SEASON,

HARNESS, ETC.,

OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,

CRESSON, PA.

may2 '93y

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, Cambria county deceased, or against the estate of Eliza Noonan, late of said township, deceased, are requested to present their claims properly probated to me by May 29th, 1893.

M. D. KITTELL,
Ebensburg, Pa., March 31, 1893.

B. & B.

BLACK GOODS

Never in greater demand; never so many choice styles and fabrics from which to select, and

NEVER A TIME AND PLACE

could they be bought for so little money

NOW AND HERE!

500 pieces new, neat, fancy weaves, beg to twenty styles, at each price, 50c., 65c., 75c., 90c., $1.00 and $1.25.

All-wool, plain black

LADIES' CLOTH,

38 inches wide, 39 CENTS PER YARD.

100 pieces of American

BLACK DRESS GOODS

in neat, stylish designs, not wide, only three-quarters of a yard, and only three-fourths wool, but they are only

Half-Price at 12 1-2 Cents.

Write our Mail Order Department for samples of these, and all other lines Dress Goods, Silks and Suitings, and learn how much you may save by taking advantage of our

Small Profit Prices.

Our New Catalogue will help immensely in selection, not only of Dress Goods, but Ladies', Misses' and Children's Jackets, Wraps, Furs, etc., etc. It is yours for the asking—free.

....

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

AND STILL THEY COME!

New Bargains Every Day!

LOOK AT THIS.

Save 45 per cent. on all Groceries bought of CALLIHAN & VEY as the following price list will show:

2 cans Salmon	25c
3 lb crocks Apple Butter	25c
3 lb crocks Jelly	25c
3 cans pie pumkin, 25c.; 7 cans	50c
Old German Soap, 6 cakes	25c
G. E. Soap, 2 for 5c.; 40 cakes for	$1.00
Best Red Oil German Mott Soap, 6 cakes	25c
H. M. Soap, 7 cakes, 25c.; 30 cakes	$1.00
50 lb sacks Winter Wheat Flour per sack	95c
Tea, 25c. per lb; 5 lbs for	$1.00
Marrowfat Peas, 3 cans	25c
Condensed Milk, per can	10c
Roast Beef, per 2 lb can	30c
Corned Beef, per 2 lb. can	30c
Chipped Beef, per 1 lb can	20c
Table Peaches, 2 cans	25c
Ginger Snaps, 3 lbs	25c
Wine Cakes, 3 lbs	25c
Milk Lunch Cakes, 3 lb	25c
O. B. Rolled Oats, per 2 lb package	10c
Mince Meat, 3 lbs for	25c
	17 lbs for 50c
Rio Coffee, per lb	25c
20 lb Lima Beans	$1.00
Five Brothers' Tobacco, per lb	75c
Hams, per lb	12½c
Lard, 11c. per lb.; 3 lb for	30c
World's Fair Blend Tea, per lb	50c

We would call special attention to our Mountain Rose Flour at $1.25 per sack.

20 lb Granulated Sugar for $1.00 with every order amounting to $10.00.

All goods sold by us guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

We pay Freight on all orders of $10.00 or over to your station.

SILVERWARE GIVEN AWAY. Send for price list.

Orders by mail to

CALLIHAN & VEY,

836 BRADDOCK AVENUE,

BRADDOCK, PA.

Will receive prompt attention.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect November 19, 1893.

Connections at Cresson.

EAST.

Seashore Express	6 25 a m
Altoona Accommodation	9 15 a m
Main Line Express	11 05 a m
Altoona Express	1 40 p m
Mail Express	4 15 p m
Philadelphia Express	8 12 p m

WEST.

Johnstown Express	8 14 a m
Pacific Express	8 07 a m
Way Passenger	2 30 p m
Mail Train	4 20 p m
Johnstown Accommodation	8 34 p m

Ebensburg Branch.

Trains leave as follows: 7.20, 10.20 a. m., and 3.20 p. m. and arrive at Cresson at 7.57, 10.56 a. m. and 4.05 p. m. Leave Cresson at 9.30, 11.30 a. m and 5.30 p. m., and arrive at Ebensburg at 10.05 a. m. and 12.15 and 6.05 p. m.

Cresson and Clearfield.

Leave Irvona at 6.45 a. m. and 2.40 p. m. arriving at Cresson at 8.05 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leave Cresson 9.35 a. m. and 5.25 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 10.55 a m and 6.45 p. m.

For rates maps, etc., call on agent or address Thos. E. WATT, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, General Manager.

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE 'ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

FREE

$10.00 worth of lovely Music for Forty Cents, consisting of 100 pages full size Sheet Music of the latest, brightest, liveliest and most popular selections, both vocal and instrumental, gotten up in the most elegant manner, including four large size Portraits, *CARMENCITA, the Spanish Dancer, PADEREWSKI, the Great Pianist, ADELINA PATTI and MINNIE SELIUMAN CUTTING.*

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO. Broadway Theatre Bldg., New York City.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

A Beautiful and Useful Gift for Christmas. Gold Spectacles and Gold Eye Glasses, $5.00. Opera Glasses at 10 per cent. above cost, on account of hard times.

J. DIAMOND, Optician. 22 Sixth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 8, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. and Mrs. Web Griffith returned home on Tuesday.

—Theodore Evans, of Pittsburg, is visiting friends in Ebensburg.

—T. A. Sharbaugh, of Carrolltown spent a few hours in town on Friday.

—Mr. Joseph Gutwald, of Gallitzin, was a visitor to our office on Monday.

—Editor Lloyd, of the *Herald*, was laid up with the grippe for a few days last week.

—The sleighing in this place is pretty good. A little more snow would make it excellent.

—Mr. Thomas Davis, (Mason,) one of Ebensburg's well known citizens, is laid up with grip.

—Hon. J. D. Hicks and wife, of Altoona, were in town on Friday, in attendance at the funeral Fred W. Davis.

—James C. Easly, Esq., and wife, of Carrolltown, attended the funeral of Mrs. Robert Scanlan on Friday.

—Mr. John L. Stough, of this place, is about putting the finishing touches to the painting of the new addition to the Catholic church at Lilly.

—Rev. B. H. Fish preached the sermon to the Union Thanksgiving services held in the Disciple church in this place on Thanksgiving day.

—Scarlet fever and diphtheria are prevailing to an alarming extent in Bellwood, Blair County. Forty cases of the two diseases are reported there.

—Henry Scanlan, Esq., and his sons James V., and T. R., all of Carrolltown, were here on Friday in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. Robert Scanlan.

—Ryon Davis, son of Walter S. Davis, of the East ward, in attempting to get off a moving sled fell under one runner and was severely hurt a few days ago.

—Stanton Davis, private secretary to Congressman Hicks, took his departure for Washington on Monday, where he will remain during the session of Congress.

—Rev. Fish, of this place, will preach at the Bethel church on next Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M., and at the Baptist church in Ebensburg on the same day at 3 and 7 P. M.

—W. A. Scanlan and wife, formerly of Ebensburg but now of Johnstown, were here on Friday in attendance at the funeral of the latter's sister, Mrs. Robert Scanlan.

—Hon. John Cessna, of Bedford, who has been ill for some time has taken a turn for the worse and owing to his advanced age, but little hopes are had for his recovery.

—John Pavlik, a miner, employed in the Hastings Run Mine, near Patton, was caught by a fall of slate on Monday morning and badly crushed. It is thought he will recover.

—Mrs. John W. Sharbaugh, of Carrolltown, who has been dangerously ill for several weeks, has taken a turn for the better and it is now believed that her recovery is assured.

—A new type of influenza is reported from England, where the mortality is on the increase. It first attacks the mouth, throat and eyes, and then, unless promptly treated, the lungs.

—George Leighty, a young man of this place, who has been in Altoona hospital for some time past, undergoing treatment for a disease of his eyes, is said to be likely to become totally blind.

—George Croushore a well-to-do farmer, who lives near Jeannette, was arrested on Friday with his three sons on charges of distilling and selling liquor without having paid a government tax.

—Andrew Suttmatter, of Carroll township, lost four head of young cattle last week and and as matter of course would feel under obligations to anyone who can tell him where to find them.

—A Hungarian was badly hurt in Scotts' mines at Ehrenfeld on Thursday by a big piece of coal falling upon him. His collar bone was broken, and one arm and other parts of his body were badly bruised.

—Willie, the 3 year old son of Christian and Dorathea Drexler, of Altoona, fell into a tub of hot water on Monday while his mother was washing and was so badly scalded that death ensued the next day.

—The Railroad station at South Fork was entered by burglars on Friday night, the entrance being made through a window which was broken. The agent could not discover that anything of value had been taken.

—Our readers should not fail to read the advertisement of Thomas Bradley, of Gallitzin, in this issue of the FREEMAN. His stock of seasonable holiday goods is unsurpassed and prices to suit the times. Give him a call.

—Mrs. Sarah O'Donnell, an aged Johnstown woman, fell on Saturday night with a lighted lamp in her hand, and the lamp exploding set fire to her clothes. There being no one near to render her any assistance she was so badly burned that death resulted.

—A special grand jury on Saturday brought into court seven indictments against County Treasurer Arthurs, of Bedford county. He is charged with having embezzled $7,226 of state and county bonds and with the misuse of school funds amounting to $800.

—The dwelling house of John Flaig, corner of Third street and Fourth avenue, Altoona, caught fire from a heater in the cellar on Tuesday night and was completely destroyed. Some of the furniture was saved. The loss is estimated at $1,500 with $1,000 insurance.

—Rev. Father Kittell, at present in charge of the Uniontown parrish, was appointed to the position of Chancellor of the Pittsburg diocese on Monday by Bishop Phelan. He succeeds Rev. Regis Canevan, who will leave the Cathedral on December 8th owing to ill health.

—On Tuesday night the shoe store of T. J. Will, at South Fork, was entered by burglars and about $50 worth of goods carried off. The money drawer was pried open but the proprietor had taken the precaution of emptying it on closing the store. Entrance was effected by breaking the lock off the door.

—The citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity have in contemplation the building of a hall in that place for the purpose of holding farmers' institutes and other public meetings. At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to look up a site, etc. The committee will report at another meeting to be held December 30th.

—Mrs. George D. Frye, of Donohoe, Westmoreland county, who had only been married one month had her husband arrested on Wednesday for assault and battery. The brute had beaten her in a fearful manner, put her out of the house and his only reason was her bad cooking. It may be probable that she deserved it, but there are plenty of women who have escaped for years.

—Leslie G. Wilson, of Apollo, has sent the Kittanning *Times* a postal card containing 1,000 words written so plainly with a pen as to be read by the naked eye. He supplemented this a few days later by crowding on an old-style postal card the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and one hundred and seventeenth psalms and the Lord's prayer, containing in all 2,010 words, and every word written clearly and distinctly.

—Landlord Craver, of the Blair House, one day last week killed a porker that weighed 498 pounds. It was intended for a 500-pounder but Philip Miller, who did the butchering, scraped it a little too close.

—The steam saw mill of John D. Eger, situated in Barr township, was destroyed by fire on Friday night. It is believed that the fire originated from a smouldering spark in the pile of sawdust that was in close proximity to the mill.

—A hunting party from Cooper township, Clearfield county, who have been located at the headwaters of Trout run during the past month, report having killed four deer, three bears, six wildcats, ten foxes and twenty-three pheasants, besides porcupines and rabbits too numerous to mention.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday says: Miss Maggie Owens, formerly of Ebensburg, now of the Seventeenth ward, this city, took suddenly ill on Franklin street about 4 o'clock this afternoon. Miss Owens was helped to Porch Bros' music store and recovered sufficiently to be taken home on a street car.

—If a train of cars moving at a speed of 25 miles an hour was suddenly stopped, the passengers would experience a shock equal to that of falling from a second floor window; at 30 miles an hour they might as well fall from a height of three flights of stairs, and an express train would in point of fact make them fall from a fourth story.

—Conrad Boland, an old citizen of Carroll township, who resided alone on his farm, was found dead at his spring near his residence, on Thursday morning of last week by his grandson, who went over to visit the old man. Mr. Boland was 81 years of age and it is supposed that he had a stroke of some kind which caused his death.

—On Monday the Blair county court appointed as receivers of the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern railroad, Messrs. F. G. Patterson and S. P. Langdon, the leaders of the opposing factions in the legal entanglements that beset that road ever since it has become a bone of contention between the Pennsylvania and the Beech Creek Companies.

—The dwelling house and outbuildings of Archie McHenry, situated in Loyalhanna township, Westmoreland county, were entirely consumed by fire on Wednesday evening of last week about 6:30 o'clock, caused by a defective flue. All his household goods were burned, entailing a loss of $1,500, upon which there is no insurance.

—James Wertner, of Carrolltown, was seriously hurt one day last week by the explosion of a fifteen-pound keg of powder. Mr. Wertner was working in the Wertner coal bank at the time and was engaged in filling his can with powder from the keg, when the explosion occurred. He is badly burned about the face and hands and it is feared he may lose the sight of one eye.

—The body of Charles Gordon, aged 25, who was drowned in the Juniata river by falling from a high bridge, was found at Huntingdon on Sunday night. His death so affected the mind of his younger brother William that the latter, after remarking, "I'd better go, too," attempted to commit suicide by plunging into the same stream. Later a sister of the dead man is reported to have invited death in the same manner.

—On Tuesday night Mrs. Frank S. Bowman, wife of the editor of the Millersburg *Sentinel*, died after a lingering illness, caused by the growth of a tumor which was removed by a surgical operation some weeks ago, in the hope of saving her life. But the operation failed of its purpose and the many friends of the deceased will be sorry to learn of her death. We tender our sincere sympathies with the afflicted family in the great loss of a loving wife and a fond mother.

—On Tuesday afternoon while the jury empanelled on the case of the Commonwealth vs. J. A. Noel had retired to the jury room to agree upon a verdict, William Deater, a juror, was stricken with paralysis, his entire right side being paralyzed. Dr. Jones was summoned, who ordered his removal to the boarding house of H. J. Crouse where he stopped. His condition was serious but he has since very much improved and it is thought he can be removed to his home in Johnstown in a few days.

—A couple of Italian blacksmiths who did the blacksmithing in the railroad shop while work was going on on the Blacklick last summer, have started up a cuttlery establishment in this place on a small scale since the railroad work has been suspended. They are manufacturing pocket-knives which they dispose of at 50 cents each and find a ready sale. The blades are made out of old files and the handles are made of horn. They are neatly made and those who have purchased them say the quality and temper of the blades are excellent.

—Charles Wagoner, aged eleven years, in attempting to jump on a moving freight train at Patton on Monday last was thrown under the wheels and received injuries that in all probability will result fatally, although the attending physicians have some slight hopes of saving his life. When picked up it was found that his left arm was crushed off and had to be amputated near the shoulder, his collar bone badly broken, the left shoulder blade broken, two ribs broken and one of them driven into the boy's lungs. The boy's father is John Wagoner, and owing to ill health the family are in destitute circumstances.

—On Tuesday morning about two o'clock an accident occurred at the coal mine of the East End Supply Company, operated by Mitchell & Lloyd, at Bennington, which resulted in the instant death of a Hungarian named Andrew Stavansky, 33 years of age, married and leaving a wife and three children. The mine is being worked night and day and Stavansky was on the night turn, working in one of the chambers with a brother. Without warning a rock weighing about 400 pounds fell from the roof and catching the unfortunate man across the body, he was instantly crushed to death. One of his legs was also broken.

—Roland Stevenson, of Nittany Valley, had and an experience while hunting for deer in the Baker Run Valley a few days ago which he will not soon forget. He was accompanied by several friends, and while passing through the woods Mr. Stevenson stepped into the jaws of a big bear trap. His foot touched the contrivance that held the jaws of the trap open and quick as wink they closed upon his ankle. The strong spring of the trap held his foot and leg as firmly as in a vise, and the efforts of two men with a big lever were required to extricate him from his unpleasant predicament. His ankle is considerably bruised by pressure of the jaws of the trap, but no bones were broken.

—On Tuesday the case of the Commonwealth vs. Thomas Peach, charged by J. Walter Durbin with assault and battery, came up for trial. The prosecutor and A. McCartney, a witness, did not appear, and as there were no witnesses to make out the case, the jury under the instructions of the court, rendered a verdict of not guilty and that the prosecutor pay the costs. An attachment was issued for McCartney and on Thursday morning, on a statement made by District Attorney Murphy, the court ordered the sheriff to arrest the defendant, Thomas Peach, and T. B. O'Hara, of this place, to answer a charge of intimidating a witness. McCartney is in jail and Messrs. Peach and O'Hara entered into recognizance for their appearance to answer next week.

—Mrs. Evaline Stearn, a former resident of Johnstown, where she has numerous relatives and friends living was struck by a section of Day Express while crossing the tracks at East Liberty on Wednesday morning and instantly killed. The deceased with another lady intended getting on a local train and for that purpose was crossing the tracks when she slipped and fell. At the same moment the Express came thundering along and before she could get out of the way the train was upon her. She was literally ground to pieces, the head being entirely severed, the body frightfully mangled and scattered about the platform and track. Her remains were taken to Johnstown for interment on Thursday.

—In speaking of tramps, a writer in the *Century Magazine* says: "It is in Pennsylvania, however, that the tramp is best fed. I do not know of a town or a village in the Keystone state where a decently clad rooster cannot get all that he cares to eat without doing a stroke of work in payment. He can travel, too, more freely than elsewhere, for the railroads intersecting the state are the most friendly in the country. There is not one that does not harbor dead-beats at least at night. The jails are also a great boon for the fraternity. In the majority of them there is no work to do, while some furnish the daily papers. Consequently, in winter, one can see tramps sitting comfortably on benches drawn close to the fire, and reading their morning paper, and smoking there after breakfast pipe, as comfortably and camly as the merchant in his counting room. Here they find refuge from the storms of winter and make themselves entirely at home."

Court Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday 9 o'clock.

After the calling of the bar list and the presentation of motions and petitions the names of the grand jurors were called and twenty-two answered.

A. G. Wagner, of Johnstown, was appointed foreman of the grand jury. Charles Witt was appointed constable to attend upon the grand jury. Afterward Mr. Wagner requested to be excused from the duties of foreman and C. A. McGonigle, of Lilly was appointed.

M. F. Plummer, of Wilmore, who was convicted at September sessions of the larceny of some cheese, was called up for sentence but on the representation of his counsel that his family would become a county charge if he was imprisoned, sentence was suspended on his giving security in the sum of $300 for his appearance at the next term of court.

The surety of the peace cases were then taken up and disposed of as follows:

The case of Emma Helsel vs. Cyrus Helsel, desertion, the court ordered Cyrus to ante up $2 per week for the support of his wife and to pay the costs.

Hannah Shaffer vs. Jacob Shaffer, desertion. Jacob left Haunah some time in July last, as he claimed, on account of incompatibility, but the court taking a pessimistic view of Jacob's side of the case, directed him to pay $2 per week for the support of his wife and to pay the costs.

Laura Litz vs. William Litz, desertion. In the hearing of this case it appeared that Homestead, Allegheny county, Pa., was the place where the domestic infelicities of the couple terminated, and as a matter of legal etiquette, the Allegheny county court will be allowed to settle the difficulties of Laura and her William.

Commonwealth vs. William Estep, surety of the peace. The court directed John Riffle, the prosecutor to pay the costs.

Robert Dawson, who deserted his wife, made no defense and was sentenced to pay her $2 per week and costs.

Commonwealth vs. Augusta Mink, surety of the peace. Defendant sentenced to pay the costs and enter into recognizance to keep the peace with the prosecutor, William Rohde for one year.

Commonwealth vs. William Severs, desertion. Sentenced to pay his wife, Lena Severs, $2 per week and costs of prosecution.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Powers, surety of the peace. Defendant sentenced to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Barney Haney and Michael Hohan, convicted of larceny at September sessions. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10, costs of prosecution and five months in jail.

Commonwealth vs. George Aunkenbauer, illegal liquor selling. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. J. A. Noel, selling liquor without license. After the testimony was heard and the jury had retired, the case was withdrawn on account of the sudden illness of William Deaner, one of the jurors.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Stinebiser, larceny, was continued.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Peach, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty and the prosecutor, J. Walter Durbin, pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Ellen Seely, keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant not guilty and the prosecutor, Joseph Malcomson, pay two-thirds of the costs and the defendant the other third.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Malcomson, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty but that he pay two-thirds of the costs and the prosecutrix, Maggie Edmiston, the other third.

Commonwealth vs. James McMichaels, assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty.

Work to be Resumed on the Blacklick.

Word has been received here, coming from good authority, that work on the Blacklick extension of the Ebensburg branch railroad will be resumed in a very short time. The engineer corps has already commenced work and on Wednesday Walking Boss Casey arrived, and his appearance here is presumed to intimate that the work of construction will not be long delayed.

There are now about eight miles of the road-bed completed, ready for the ties and track, and there are about four miles yet to be made to take the road down to the forks of the Blacklick. By next spring the iron horse will be snorting along the stream, and the black diamonds of that region that have so long lain dormant will be distributed to the manufacturing centers of Uncle Sam's great commonwealth.

The completion of the road means an era of prosperity for that portion of Cambria county, and the Huns and the Ikes, who are a necessity in building railroads, will be welcomed with outstretched hands on their arrival with their picks and shovels. Let them come!

November Days.

November is a month of rainy, disagreeable days. The damp, cold air penetrates everywhere and chills the blood, laying the system open to colds, pneumonia and kindred complaints. There is but one remedy that stimulates the system and fortifies it against such attacks, and that is whiskey. Not such a whiskey as is generally palmed off on the public, but a whiskey of known purity and quality. Such a whiskey is Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne or Bear Creek ryes. These whiskies have been before the public for many years and find favor wherever purity is required. Physicians prescribe them, hospitals use them, and every reputable dealer sells them.

They are for sale at $1.50, $1.25 $1.00 per quart respectively. Send for a complete catalogue and price list of all liquors, mailed free. All goods neatly boxed and expressed anywhere. Address, Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Real Estate Transfers.

Chas. S. Price to Chas. Griffith, Johnstown, $4,600.

Chas. Griffith to T. B. Johnston, Johnstown, $4,600.

T. B. Johnston to Anna M. Johnston, $5.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to Albert Flick, Spangler, $150.

Albert Flick to McClellan Westover, $2,000.

Alonzo Rodgers to Thomas Costlow, Johnstown $400.

Albert L. Johnston to Sadie J. Brady, Johnstown, $350.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to J. C. Shook, M. D., Spangler, $150.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to James M. Gramley, Spangler, $275.

J. G. C. Bearer to John B. Strittmatter, Carroll township, $464.

John Sanker to Angela Sanker, Washington township, $1,375.

John Sanker to Sarah A. Sanker, Washington township, $150.

John Sanker to Mary J. Sanker, Washington township, $1,000.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to Rebecca J. Black, Spangler, $200.

John Sanker to Joseph A. Sanker, Washington township, $400.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to I. L. Binder, Spangler, $225.

Susan Luther to Mary Frances Kaylor, Carrolltown, $180.

Christian Kelly Frances Thomas, Adams township, $449.

Frances Thomas to John C. Mock, Adams township, $300.

J. C. Mock to Jacob H. Rose, Adams township, $675.

Elisha Bennett to Anna V. Rose, Adams township, $800.

Anna V. Rose to Jacob H. Rose, Adams township, $800.

Charles Anna to William Pyles, Patton, $75.

Emanuel Custer to Isabella Custer, Stonycreek township, $1,000.

J. L. Spangler, trustee, to Albert J. Feighner, Spangler, $250.

William R. Rainey to John Messenger, Johnstown, $600.

Anna and Sarah Weaver to Robert H. Sayer, Richland township, $550.

Jacob H. Rose to Robert H. Sayer, Adams township, $433.

Francis Yeager to George M. Schell & Co., Elder township, $110

EDISON'S METHODS.

He Does Not Invent by Accident or Without Hard Work.

Edison's genius comes near to justifying that definition of the word which makes it an infinite capacity for taking pains, says the Review of Reviews. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are lying awake nights?" I asked him.

"I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No; when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes. I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders, valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy." And he named in distinction some noted electricians who had made their reputations through the pyrotechnics of the profession.

"What makes you work?" I asked, with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," he answered, after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times, as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything that I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tones.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."

A JOB FOR THE PREACHER.

It Was to Be Either a Conversion or the Funeral of a Mountaineer.

The mountain circuit rider met me at the foot of Hurricane gap in the Pine mountains, says a Detroit Free Press man, and we rode along together, and about a mile from where the roads forked we were stopped by a mountaineer with a Winchester, whom the preacher knew. He presented me in due form, and when the native knew I was an "outsider" he didn't hesitate to talk.

"I just stopped yer," he said to the preacher, "ter ax yer to come up to the house in the mornin'."

"Anybody sick?" inquired the preacher.

"No," and the mountaineer hesitated. "You know you have been a talkin' ter me fer a long time erbout gittin religion, an' I been a holdin' off!"

The preacher nodded and looked pleased, for there was a tone of penitence in the native's voice.

"Well, I've ernount made up my mind that I've got ter the p'int when something's got ter be done. Jim Gullins come by my place this mornin' an' killed one uv my dogs when I was away, an' you've heerd me say what I thought of Jim Gullins many a time afore this!"

The preacher nodded sorrowfully this time.

"Well, I'm goin' down to see Jim now," continued the mountaineer, "an' if I git him I'll be ready to jine the meetin' house when you come up in the mornin', and if Jim gits me you'll have a funeral to preach, so's you won't lose nothin' by it nohow. I must be gittin' along, good-by." And, slinging his Winchester into the hollow of his arm, he hurried away through the thicket, leaving the circuit rider and me sitting on our horses in the road, completely knocked out by the suddenness of it all and the peculiarity.

THE NIMBLE ELEPHANT.

He Ventures in Places Which Would Puzzle Mules.

It is a remarkable thing that elephants are able to make their way up and down mountains and through a country of steep cliffs where mules would not dare venture, and even where men find passage difficult. Their tracks have been found upon the very summit of mountains over seven thousand feet high. In these journeys an elephant is often compelled to descend hills and mountain sides which are almost precipitous. This is the way in which it is done: The elephant's first maneuver is to kneel down close to the declivity. One fore leg is then cautiously passed over the edge and a short way down the slope, and if he finds there is no good spot for a firm foothold, he speedily forms one by stamping into the soil if it is moist, or kicking out a footing if it is dry. When he is sure of a good foothold the other fore leg is brought down in the same way. Then he performs the same work over again with his feet, bringing both fore legs a little in advance of the first footholds. This leaves good sure places all made and ready for the hind feet. Now, bracing himself by his huge, strong fore legs, he draws his hind legs, first one and then the other, carefully over the edge, where they occupy the first places made by the fore-feet. This is the way the huge animal proceeds all the way down, zigzag, kneeling every time with the two hind legs, while he makes footholds with his forefeet. In this way the "center of gravity" is preserved and the huge beast prevented from toppling over on his nose.

MINIE BALLS.

NINE-TENTHS of the recruits for the British army are drawn from the ranks of the unemployed.

THE duke of Cambridge, who is commander in chief of the English army, has never smelt powder except at a review, and is not likely to if he can help it. He was a major general at the age of twenty-six, thanks to his good fortune.

SERGT. PROKOP DOBOBRINKO, a Russian soldier, committed suicide lately because a young girl would not marry him, but instead called him an "old man." This was more than the giddy fellow, who was not much over ninety-nine years of age, could stand.

LIEUT. POWHATAN CLARKE, who was recently drowned in the Big Horn, spent a year with the kaiser's Eleventh hussars at Dusseldorf, with whom he became very popular. He was a very daring horseman, and was able to show the best riders in Germany some tricks with horses which they found it difficult to imitate.

Falcons as Military Messengers.

A Russian army officer has made some very successful experiments in the training of falcons to carry dispatches, and general attention has been called to the possibilities of the use of this bird for messenger purposes in time of war. The falcons so trained carried messages from one garrison to another with very gratifying success. If the use of these birds is found to be really generally practicable they will have many points of superiority over pigeons for messenger purposes. They are much stronger, and some of those so far tried carried a weight of four Russian pounds without hindrance to speed. A not unimportant consideration is that they are not likely to suffer from attacks of other birds.

DR. L. L. CARMER.

Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

GENTLEMEN: I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unsolicited, to the world the benefit received from DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE REMEDIES. I was stricken down with *Heart Disease* and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 90 to 160 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression

THOUSANDS much pain in the region of the heart and below lower rib, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. *I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicine without the least benefit.* A friend recommended your remedies. She was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Heart Cure and two bottles Nervine. My pulse is normal, I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I AM A WELL MAN. I sincerely recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to *take Dr. Miles' Restorative Remedies and be cured.*

CURED

Gypsum City, Kans. L. L. CARMER.

Sold on a Positive Guarantee.
OR MONEY RETURNED.
SOLD BY DR. T. J. DAVISON, EBENSBURG.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 202 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Cures Sick Headache

never wants to learn, but the

WISE MAN

reads that

OLD HONESTY
CHEWING TOBACCO

is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 30 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

TO ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, Notice is hereby given that I have purchased from William McManamy, of White township, and left them in his possession during my pleasure, two horses and sucking colt, seven cows, three hogs, about 15 tons of hay, plows, harrows, mowing machine, hayrake, two-horse wagon, pair of bob sleds, household and kitchen furniture, four head of young cattle and one wind mill. JOHN McMANAMY.
White township, Cambria county, Pa.
Nov. 3, 1893.

DO you need Job Printing? If so, give the FREEMAN a trial order.

THE POISON OF THE COBRA.

So Far No Remedy Has Been Discovered for It.

The bite of the terrible cobra of India is looked upon as meaning certain death. It is not surprising that experiments to determine the nature of this awful poison should attract wide attention, when they are made in a scientific manner entitling their results to be accepted with confidence. Such experiments have recently been conducted by Mr. A. A. Kanthack. The venom was obtained by pressing the heads of living cobras, by which nerve-trying operation the deadly fluid was squeezed out of the fangs.

The fluid dries very quickly, says Youth's Companion, and leaves a yellow substance resembling gum arabic, or the dried albumen of egg, which is easily pulverized. The activity of the poison is destroyed by prolonged boiling, a concentrated solution of it withstanding the effects of boiling for an hour or two before entirely losing its poisonous action. A weak solution could be rendered innocuous by being boiled from twenty minutes to half an hour.

But, of course, this can give no comfort to any victim of a cobra bite, since the venom, once injected into his blood, could by no possibility be subjected to such a process of boiling.

Ammonia and chlorine water also proved capable of destroying the poison if applied to it for a considerable time in strong solutions, and carbolic acid considerably delayed its poisonous action.

As it has been shown that pigeons can be rendered practically insensible to the poison of a rattlesnake's bite by being previously treated with minute injected doses of the venom, Mr. Kanthack tried a similar experiment with the cobra poison. But the result was not encouraging; all the animals thus treated died when a more concentrated dose of the venom was given to them.

Some hope had been raised that doses of strychnia might prove a means of cure, but the experiments showed that there was no foundation for this hope. So far, then, a cure for the bite of the cobra remains to be discovered.

A BURGLAR DEMORALIZER.

How It Worked and Why the Inventor Didn't Get It Patented.

"I once invented," said a man who lived in the suburbs to a New York Sun reporter, "a burglar demoralizer that was very effective in its way, but I never got it patented, because I didn't think I ought to. It was a very simple contrivance. It consisted merely of a stout wire stretched across the floor at such a distance from the door and windows that anyone entering would get under headway before reaching it, and low enough so that he would fall over it. There had been a number of burglars in our town, and so I fitted up the lower floor of our house with the demoralizer. We adjusted the wires the last thing at night, when we were locking up.

"One night—about three nights I think after we had set them up—we heard a noise at the back door, and we knew that somebody was coming. We gathered around the head of the back stairs and listened. The burglar got in without much trouble and closed the door softly behind him, and then for a moment everything was very still. Then there was a great thud that fairly shook the house, then another moment of stillness, and then the suppressed, but steady sound of a human voice. It was the burglar sitting on the kitchen floor and cussin'.

"After awhile we moved around a little upstairs to let him know we were on deck, and he got up and went away. He didn't take anything, but Mrs. Suburb said she had rather he had taken everything there was in the house than to hear him swear so, and that is why I never got the demoralizer patented. It was effective, but it would have seemed like offering a premium on profanity."

A HOSPITABLE PEOPLE.

A Country Where Strangers Are Always Welcome.

The Piedmontese are to a great extent the untraveled inhabitants of an untraveled country. Curiosity mingles with kindness in their eagerness to see strangers within their doors, and any way farer who chooses to make himself agreeable, and can break the monotony of their sequestered existence, repays them amply for his entertainment. The author of "Country Life in Piedmont" says:

Unbounded hospitality is characteristic of all thriving agricultural districts. Those who gather from a plentiful land the fruits which most immediately contribute to man's sustenance, are always glad to share with friends and guests the bounties which might otherwise be wasted.

Every one has heard of the peasant girl who pressed a king to partake of some apples, assuring him that what he did not take "would be given to the pigs."

I once threw a word across the hedge to a group of rustics who were gathering their walnuts, to congratulate them on the bountiful harvest.

"Yes," they cried out, joyously, holding up their baskets and aprons. "Have some! have some! There's enough for cats and dogs this year."

Momentum of Vessels.

Some years ago the Scientific American took occasion to interview a large number of commanders of ocean steamers concerning the momentum of vessels. "Suppose," it asked, "a steam vessel were running at full speed and the engines were reversed, how far would the vessel run before it began to gather sternway—that is, to move backward?" The answers varied between two and four miles, but the conclusion was reached that if two vessels were approaching each other under a full head of steam they might, after hearing the foghorn at a distance of four miles apart, do their best to stop, and yet come into collision with each other, with serious consequences.

The Best Telephone Language.

The French language, it appears, is better adapted to the purpose of the telephone than the English. It is stated that the large number of sibilant or hiss syllables in English renders it a less easy and accurate means of communication. Some English words are especially difficult of transmission by telephone. The word "soldier" is cited as one of these. Proper names frequently occur in the midst of an otherwise perfectly audible and intelligent conversation which the ear cannot possibly catch. These must be spelled out, involving delay.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The kiss of passion is silent; the kiss of love is murmurous, and the everyday kiss is explosive.

The devil is the one perfect imperfection.

Half the world tries to make the ideal real, and the other half tries to make the real ideal.

A good man cannot hide it.

Adversity is a grindstone that puts an edge on us.

Virtue being its own reward, some people don't care to earn it.

The richest men don't always know how to be rich.

The earth is filled with broken silences.

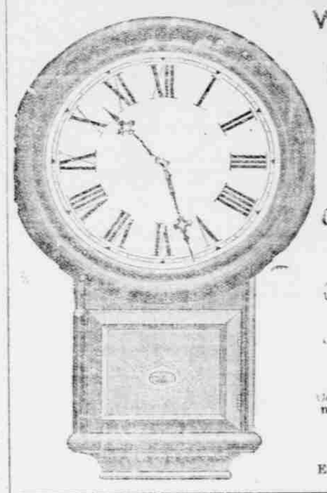
Conservatism is contentment half in blossom.—Detroit Free Press.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
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Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

"WANT A WAGON?"

We have wagons, ruggies, surreys. High grade, as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.

No. 1. Farm Harness. $24.50

No. 719 Road Wagon $21

No. 41. Wagon, $43.

No. 718½ $42.

Have sold to consumers for 20 years. Warrant as strong fibre as any $70 to $90 harness. Ours is oil-tanned leather, all hand-sewed, and the best harness made. Ours is a $70 to $90 harness. Ours is oil-tanned leather, all hand-sewed, and the best harness made. Ours is a $70 to $90 harness. Ours is oil-tanned leather, all hand-sewed, and the best harness made.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Spring Wagons, $33 to $40. Guaranteed same as sold for $50 to $60. Surrey, $70 to $90. Ours is a $120 to $150. Top Buggies at $42, fine as sold for $65. Pole Buggies at $72 to $105. Separate Seats, Side Bars, Wagonettes, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts.

OUR HARNESS are all No. 1 Oak-tanned Leather, all hand-sewed, and the best harness made. Ours is a $70 to $90 harness. Ours is oil-tanned leather, all hand-sewed, and the best harness made. Ours is a $70 to $90 harness. Ours is oil-tanned leather, all hand-sewed, and the best harness made.

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It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

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Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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THE GREAT INLAND CITY.

What Has Helped Chicago in Her Phenomenal Growth.

A generation ago, says the London Spectator, America consisted of the settled northeastern and southeastern states and of the great expanse of more or less wild continent behind them. Year by year, however, the population has been spreading west, and every fresh census has pushed inland the mean line of population—the line on either side of which the population is equal. The significance of this gradual withdrawal of the mean population line from the coast must not be missed. The fact means that the Anglo-Saxons in the United States are becoming what they have never been before in their history, an inland people.

In a very little time the vast majority of Americans will not only have never seen the sea, but will never have been within a thousand miles of it. The destiny of the American people is to become as much a people of great inland plains as the Russians, and this fact will be made clear to the world when travelers leave the ocean at New York, and after traveling inland over a thousand miles find themselves in a city as big as Vienna, and ten times as rich and energetic.

The existence of a great city so far removed from the sea is probably unique in the world's history. Delhi in the days of its greatest prosperity had no doubt a very large population but unless Moscow can be called great we can recall no other great city of ancient or modern times situated in the heart of a continent. It may be said that Chicago is an exception only in name, and that it could never have achieved the position it has achieved but for the fact that it is situated on the shores of a great double-armed inland sea. No doubt the great lakes have helped Chicago, and no doubt also the fact that they require from the populations which surround them all the sea-faring qualities of the English race will prevent its inhabitants from becoming too inlandish in their habits.

Chicago, however, is not enough in the middle of the continent to hold forever the position of the typical American city. As the center of population shifts westward her relative position will decline, and she will ultimately have to give way to some younger rival in the west and south, possessed of a geological position more suited to the commercial capital of a nation of some two hundred millions of inland people. Still, as we have said above, Chicago for the time will serve as an object lesson in regard to the great change which has come over the conditions under which the American continent is inhabited.

INCONTESTABLE POLICIES.

Life Insurance Companies Issue Them Only in Europe and Central America.

The policies written by some of the leading life insurance companies of this country are incontestable for any cause whatsoever. If a policy holder commits suicide immediately after paying his first premium, and before the ink is dry on his policy, his heirs will receive the money just the same. That is because the companies know that life is the most precious possession of every individual, and that very few indeed will throw it away in order to benefit an heir. The "incontestable clause" is found, however, only in the American policies. Those issued to Europeans, Central Americans and South Americans do not have them. One of the chief officials of a leading company recently said to a reporter for the New York Sun:

"All our foreign policies are written subject to cancellation. It is true we discover very little fraud among the European policy holders, but that is because their schemes are so clever we cannot run them down. The chief reason for our writing less liberal policies abroad and in the southern portion of this continent is, however, because wars are so frequent and so liable to occur at any moment. Europe is always on the brink of a great war, and if we should write incontestable policies there we might be ruined any time. In the Central and South American states revolutions are in progress all the time. If our policies were not subject to cancellation there we should be subjected to great losses continually. Our method is to write policies freely, but to cancel them whenever a revolution occurs in the countries in which the policy holders reside."

A Chemical Triumph.

The complete isolation of flourine by a French scientist is a recent chemical triumph which has excited much interest. Flourine, as described for the popular understanding, has a smell resembling that of hypochlorous acid, which is somewhat masked by the odor of ozone, from its action on water vapor. It, of course, acts powerfully on the respiratory organs, even when greatly diluted, and it causes insensibilty, lasting as long as a week or more, of the mucous membrane of the nose. It is of a yellowish-green color, somewhat lighter and yellower than chlorine. It combines explosively with hydrogen, even at a great cold and in the dark, and sulphur, selenium and tellurium take fire in it at ordinary temperatures. Bromine and iodine burn in it with a flame of low temperature, and amorphous carbon, amorphous boron, and especially crystalline silicon, with the evolution of great heat. Many other substances burn in it, oxygen and nitrogen appearing to be the only elements with which it does not unite.

Revolutionary Uniforms.

During the revolution the most elaborate of uniforms were designed for the American officers, and the men were ordered to wear green shirts, "if they could be procured." As a matter of fact very few uniforms were worn, everybody wore what he happened to have and the navy was clothed in motley array. The native born American seamen, most of them, wore the canvas petticoat, and they all wore the hair in a braid down the back, waxing it to make it curl up at the end. As many of the seamen were foreigners the costumes of all nations were displayed on many ships. It was not until 1800 that there is a record of a crew in white duck uniforms.

It Travels Swiftly.

The earth's motion has an appreciable effect upon artillery fire, deflecting the projectile from a straight course. Firing from north to south, there is a divergence of projectiles to the left, due to the earth's rotation, and firing due north, the divergence is to the right. The extent of the "pull" varies at different points on the earth's surface and with projectiles fired at different speeds and elevations. In England, a deflection of five inches is found to occur with the projectile of a twelve-pounder in a four-thousand-yard range.

Warding Off Cholera.

Persians have many rites which the superstitious believe are efficacious in averting attacks of the cholera. One of the most popular of these is that of passing under the Koran. Two elders stand opposite each other, holding between them a scroll of the Koran wrapped in a silken scarf. Under this swinging talisman the peasants pass one by one and then go home, convinced that the cholera will not be able to touch them.

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It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks the tendency to cancerous humors.

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If so, buy one that cannot be stolen. The only thief-proof Watches are those with

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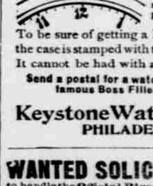

BOWS.
Here's the Idea:
The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

To be sure of getting a Non-pull-out, see that the case is stamped with this trade mark, It cannot be had with any other kind.

Send a postal for a watch case opener to the famous Boss Filled Case makers.

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FUTURE OF THE HUMAN FOOT.

Progressive Development in the Art of Shoemaking.

The boot and shoe exhibit at the world's fair leads one to view with alarm the prospective fate of the human pedals, says the Minneapolis Tribune. The wild variety of ingenious shapes exhibited in shoes discloses the fact that the human foot in modern times has ceased to have a shape of its own. It is putty in the hands of the ingenious artist. In short, the foot, as to shape and size, is purely a shoemaker's product. If, therefore, we want to know what the foot of the future is to be we must study the trend of the cobbler's art.

In spite of the fearful variety of shapes and dimensions exhibited in the world's fair shoe exhibit, there are certain tendencies of the shoemaking art that are clearly marked and show progressive development. Between the shoepack and plowshoe on the one hand and the patent leather ballroom slipper on the other there is a broad variation in the shape and dimensions which the human foot must assume, and yet there are one or two principles which apply more or less in common to all of the widely differentiated styles.

The one principle which stands out most prominently in all the schools of the shoemaking art is this: That there is but one recognized toe on the human foot. The other excrescences are not to be countenanced or tolerated. The definition approved by all shoe moguls is that the human foot is a variable aggregation consisting of four parts—the heel, the instep, the ball and the great toe. The latest and generally adopted canon relative to the proper shape of the front part of the shoe is that it should consist of a straight line drawn from the outer edge of the ball of the foot to the tip of the great toe. It is true there are many styles of shoes that do not conform rigidly to the canon, but the variations are permitted simply on æsthetic grounds to secure variety, and not at all that not more than one toe is recognized.

There is said to be only one shoe in the world's fair exhibit which distinctly recognizes and countenances five toes on the human foot, and that is the wooden shoe from Belgium. That shoe, which allots five compartments of space to the toe family, is the exception which proves the rule—namely, that the great toe is the only authorized projection on the portico of the pedal structure. A generation or two more of culture and heredity under the Draconian laws imposed by the shoe artists will doubtless see the human foot simplified and improved by the gradual elimination of four superfluous, useless, and inartistic frontal projections.

A SHREWD CHURCHMAN.

He Doubled the Collection by Cornering the Small Change in Town.

In the small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation that is not characterized by lavish liberality, says the London Tid-Bits.

Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of church. The members would, indeed, give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotchman who had recently come to the place and joined the church was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials. "If you mak' me treasurer I'll engage to double the collections in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted, and sure enough the collection began to increase, until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk I saw mainly gave three-penny bits. Weel, when I got the money every Sabbath evening I carefully picked out the sma' coins and put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number of three-penny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have mainst of them at present under lock and key, the folk mann give saxpences at least instead. See, that's why the collections are doubled."

A SILKEN TRAP.

The Huge Web Built by a Species of Spider Native in Ceylon.

Ceylon is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island and places his trap—not a gossamer snare of airy lightness, but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter across the chasms and fissures in the rocks. The supporting cues of this gigantic net, which in all cases is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to twenty feet in length (as conditions and circumstances may require), made of a series of twisted webs, the whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. As might be imagined, this gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly-painted butterflies, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a soldier's dress jacket. Some extra fine skeletons of small birds, lizards, snakes, etc., have been found in these webs, with every vestige of flesh picked from them. The owner and maker of these queer silk traps is a spider with a body averaging four and one-half inches in width and six inches in length, and with legs nine to twelve inches from body to terminal claw.

Paying a Vow by Proxy.

A Kobe (Japan) paper copies a curious advertisement which has been hung out on the beach by a rich man at Matsuragata, Nagasaki. The notice explains itself: "When my daughter was sick I prayed the Koujira of Sanuki province for her recovery, pledging to let her pay a thanksgiving visit to the temple by creeping on her hands and feet all the way through, in imitation of cattle, if she recovered. The prayer was heard, and she recovered by the miraculous influence of the Almighty Deity. But, after all, it is impossible for a tender girl to creep several hundred of miles to Sanuki. I should therefore like to find a substitute for her, and if anyone offering himself or herself for such be found suitable to the task I will offer such a person one thousand dollars."

A Chinese Columbus.

The belief in a Chinese Columbus was first allowed by scholars only about fifty years ago. The claim is that a Buddhist priest in the fifth century crossed the Pacific to this country and returned, making a written report of his discovery. The report still exists. It was translated into French in 1791 by M. de Guignes. It gave a narrative of a voyage eastward by a priest for twenty thousand li, where he found a country which he named Fusang. People similar to the Indians were described, as well as American plants. The only doubt about the matter is as to the distance meant by twenty thousand li. The priest may have only reached some island in the Pacific ocean.